BY THE "DUTCHESS."

· CHAPTER XL. "The thing is how to discover him.

fellows nowadays are so difficult earth, and our detective system is so ally inefficient." don't want him," says Millicent is looking very pretty and fragile or invalid gown of white cashmere as saying to auntie only this morning very remarkable thing it is that ady Valworth-your mother-

"Odd! The same thought struck me may this morning," says Granit, showing all his white teeth as he smiles. What a bite he could give," thinks his nece, watching him.) "Quite a coipel nece, who had been a coipel nece, by the coarse of the coarse." chief, I think you told me."

"What a bite he could give," thinks his ancee, watching him.) "Quite a coincience, chi But it must be acknowledged lar to have a cambric one."

"Well, you could hardly expect a burglar to have a cambric one."

"Well, you could hardly expect a burglar to have a cambric one." is even greater than hers.

Your future wife"—with a Millicent—"will lose a little of

been teasing the parrot hough he does not speak, so face compels her to an of sarcastic amusement in his eyes, that puzzles her and baffles her to read, when the doer is thrown open and Mr. Massarcastic amusement in his eyes, that puzzles her and baffles her to read, when the doer is thrown open and Mr. Massarcastic amusement in his eyes, that puzzles her and baffles her to read, when the doer is thrown open and Mr. Massarcastic amusement in his eyes, that puzzles her and baffles her to read, when the doer is thrown open and Mr. Massarcastic amusement in his eyes, that puzzles her with a smiling face and apparently willing air, while grinding under the thought that he is leaving the other two free to carry on a low conversation uninterrupted.

he; you would not suspect her, I sup-traily could not form an opinion.

At Granit flavor and beauty and flavor and flavo

forget I have not had the pleasure introduction to Miss Roche." here is a slight return of his sneering the tone that had driven her to passionate anger during that inter-view at the last dance she had attended. She has seen fit to forget that scene, and so has he; but just how she is strongly re-numded of it. Mrs. Brand, scenting mis-chief in the nir, comes to the rescue.

ut," says she, "what an absurd-tion to arise! Let Miss Roche's name questionable taste when you drag to the purpose, but mum, mum, mum is the word."

She has understood the drift of her

offended at any jesting on so solemn a it

er. I was mands this sauchy of her aunt. "Look out for your laurels, Granit; there is a fival in the field."

Manuel out for your laurels, Granit; there is a fival in the field."

My dear, you look more like an Othello this moment than one born in a merry hour.

was alluding to the burglar."
"Ah! of him I could never feel jeal-

The young man hurries forward-for-You know, if you getful of Mrs. Brand, etiquette, common politeness, everything—to where Millicent is standing. His face is pale, his eyes brilliant. He is evidently suffering from intense excitement

w<sup>2</sup> She can have
| Miss Grey! what terrible thing is this |
| have heard? But you are well—safe!!
| He is holding her hand tightly clasped ersistent ra- in both his, and is gazing into her rather all your admirers by sit-grapher has put it out of a Nadine some faint idea it she might have been them," returns Granti. of reduc-Zy.
ographs."
She has been in such sore danger; but now she is here, before him, well, beau-iful as ever.

cent. "There is Letty Lums-oks like a Venus on card-a dairymaid in the flesh."

othing of Mrs. Denly, who
contrast the tender vehemence of his adlonger as deserving of your pity. And-

'are dan-have you forgotten auntief".

-Is there the faintest pressure of her cool little hand as she brings him thus

good the knocker.

In the ugly detrimental. "But you will the ugly detrimental. "But you will ret," returns he, in he looks at Millind roun for regret afe and wells" standing on my head or my heels when afe and wells" after the room. I never got such a clock in my life as Brandon gave me in the Junior a quarter of an hour ago."

There," she says, rallying with an offict, and compelling herself to meet his gaze, "you are pardoned, if pardon is what you want."

"I want more than that," says Mr. Massareene, who, having gained what he had not dared to loope for half an hour for him to move

then with a pro-liner all 1 believe 1 they were still in my the could not be more

"I am witness," puts in Granit, show-ing-all his teeth again. "You were quite in proper trim, my dear fellow! Not a suspicion of intoxication about you."

suspicion of intexication about you.

This laugh is replete with insolence. In fact, the remark just made has reference to a subject that has grown sore from rough that puzzles me, "goes on and, who cannot keep her mind subject, "as how the misercant Certainly Brown confesses he is he habit of putting up the chain in the habit of putting up the chain night—a most reprehensible negict for lich I have neverely consured him, but, atting that, I do not see how the burge could have had a door key exectly cours. It is one of a most peculiar term, poor Mr. Brand quite prided him for it. The more peculiar, the easier to take agreesion of it," says Granit.

ession of it," says Granit.

ake an impression to get a false was in the morning thoroughly ashamed But that means you would be servants. I could not do are all old servants—old died, I might almost say the my mother. She will not servants were implicated in servants were implicated in the servants were implicated in servants. with his growing love for her grew his fear that this one episode (vulgar epitalian my advice a recovery the had taken my advice a recovery to her. It was an absurd fear, of course, and arose more from an apprehension it would "says Capt. Boyle, who to give everyone a than from any very moral regret for his misconduct; but, be that as it may, Granit the but surely you would not atthe surely you would not superior of its
being known—and, for the matter of that,
so did Millicent, who had heard of the
little affair a long time ago, and had
laughed a good deal at several of the
smaller details concerning it. Indeed, it
had been a very innocent offense from
the surely you would not superior of the
smaller details concerning it.

At Granit's words Massarcene's face flames, and a sudden fire brightens his ceyes. At the moment it is easy to see that there is little love lost between the

"You mean" says Massareene, a little

sharply, taking a step forward. "Just what I said, dear boy-that you were eminently sober. Could I have borne higher testimony to your charac-ter! Miss Grey—as you seem to have some doubts about the accuracy of my state-Could I have ment-will, I am sure, corroborate what

"I refuse to give my countenance to little friend's name into such an I could tell you something more turns Millicent, in a low tone, but with

She has understood the drift of her She has understood the drift o

"Well, you could hardly expect a burglish that he acknowledged you greater than hers, were unrivaled, and will early where unrivaled, and will early will lose a little of she has ceased to be the feture wife"—with a conscience. His voice I cannot describe, because it was distinctly feigned by the sensous jewels."

The miscreant explain: I must only me. The most beautiful and. "The miscreant explain: I must only me. The most beautiful and my good Granit? Or is eing your wife that will are early our wife that will are to have a cambric one."

"Mell you could hardly expect a burg-light coming into his eyes. "And in every other. One yawns enough in all conscience as one goes the enough that would fain believe they stir our laughter. Give it up, my the stream of the without being connected to do it by those who would fain believe they stir our laughter. Give it up, my that she was a camnic, and his me."

A glance at her cousin convinces her that she has amply revenged herself. His mouth has taken the old expression that means mischief. Massareene, too, has added to his discomfiture by breaking into a general field without being connected to too it by those who would fain believe they stir ou

And then, too, I

all events, my chaustive examinathank and then, too, I

all events, my chaustive examinathank and then, too, I

all events, my continued by degrees that he fell in love with the following thank and the fell in love with subject.

And why not, then? Am I not of a presence sufficiently noble to enthrall this modern Turpin? Miss Grey demands this saucily of her aunt. Look made this saucily of her aunt.

that she has never that she has never that she has never to a low for Mrs. Brand to hear.

Tival in the field."

"I know it, if you allude to Massar never that she has never for Mrs. Brand to hear.

"I know it, if you allude to Massar never hour."

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"I know it, if you allude to Massar never hour."

"I know it, if you allude to Massar never hour."

"I know it, if you allude to Massar never hour. Granit is in just such a pleasant mood "You mistake," she says, coldly. "I as urges him to tell her she is already amongst the frosts and snows of life; but

> 'How angry you were about Granit' nnuendo just now," whispers she, frawing her skirts aside that he may drop upon the low lounge beside her. "You need not have been. Did you think I never heard of that one little fiaseo of

ours, eh)"
She leans toward him and smiles a little. The young man starts and colors hotly. Yet her stulle is so sweet, so kind -never has her manner been so replete with gettleness as now. "You knew-you heard?"-stammer

he.

Why, yes. Was it such a mighty secret, such an awful crime! Did you think I could not condine—forgive!"

She is still smilling on him, her beautiful eyes riveted, upon his. Massarcene's heart is beating passionately. He feels as if he can scarcely breathe—and yet he is if he can scarcely breathe—and yet he is oreathing more freely than he has done for a long time, now that he knows she lows, and that after all she can tolerate

"You are an angel," murmurs he in turn. Oh! the rapture of this whispered conversation. The knowledge that they l are—if not in body, at least in spirit—

"What have you to say against him?"
asks she eagerly. Oh! if only some insurmountable obstacle could be shown.

"Why, nothing?" says Massarcene.
"Only he is such a"—he checks himself that in time—"auch an uncomfortable.
"Blue of travelle and the pretty of the pretty o

"Yes; let ui kmow what kind of a fellow he is," he says.

Nonemel in the not come of the not come in the not come in the notes of the n

"I quite understand," returns Millicent slowly. "It is very good of you; but only what I expected. There is, however, one thing that puzzles me—where my consin got the money to pay that tremendous sum to Col. Black."

"You probably know more of his pri-

mendous sum to Col. Black."

"You probably know more of his private concerns than I do," says Massarcene carelessly. "He always appears to me to have plenty of money. Enough of him, however. There is something that concerns me that I would tell you. You know my uncle Lord Ballymore? Well, last night he said he would allow me £300 a year in addition to my present income, which is five, you know, if—if you would have me. He admires you very much."

"And hates Granit a good deal more:

At this half admission Mr. Massarcene's hope rises fortyfold.

"If you dated—what then?" he asks, kneeling beside her and possessing himself of one dainty hand.

"I might—learn—what happiness really means."

"Oh, Gerald;" whispers she; and then it is all over, and she is eaught to his breast and for a little while the world is forgotten by both.

Being the woman, she is the first to awake from the happy dream.

to herself."
Granit hastens to obey her command.
"A hast word," says Massareene quickly. "Do you know Miss Duran?"
"Mr. Duran's aunt? Yes."
"Well, and so do I. She receives
every Wednesday. If—if Lould be only
sure that she would receive you next
Wednesday!" He has risen, and is gazing down at her, his heart in his eyes.
"Why—if you are there you will see,"
returns she, with a light laugh, as Granit
again approaches.

Mr. Duran's house in Berkeley square is presided over by his aunt-a little, thin, wiry, kindly old lady, with corkscrew ringlets and a high peaky nose. Her acquaintances are as old-fashioned as her curls, but it is amazing how many as her curls, but it is amazing how many she has of them. They are of the staid, eminently respectable order, all able to count their generations, and all "carriage people." Yet it might be admitted that sometimes Miss Duran pines for the young and frivolous, and would be glad to welcome them inside her nephew's doors—her doors, as they might be called, so little does he interfere with her arrangements, and so seldom does he show himself between 12 a.m. and 11 p.m.

"It will not, retoris he stomly in will mean emancipation—if you have the pluck to go through with it."

"Oh! emancipation." says she disdainfully, though she is glad of his resolute-ness. "All you Irishmen are mad about freedom! One would think you were a land leaguer the way you speak. I wonder you are not afraid to love one of the hated Sassenachs."

"I am not afraid of anything except your strength of mind. You are mine

cool little hand as she brings him thus hack to a sense of his duty?

If were a man, says Miss Grey retained that the place as Gerald Massareene, smilting and gay, enters Miss Duran's drawing and gay, enters Miss Duran's drawing and gay, enters Miss Duran's drawing room. There is, in spite of the debonal manner that distinguishes him, her tone. been impossible."

There is something about this big, ugly young Irishman, with his musical picture of the different."

There is something about this big, ugly young Irishman, with his musical brogue, and his wonderful eyes, and his impetuosity, that labels him dangerous.

"I beg your pardon!" he exclaims now, will be your pardon!" he exclaims now, slightly browned, as a man's should be, and wery handsome. Somehow the stiding across the room and clasping Mrs.

"I beg your pardon!" he exclaims now, slightly browned, as a man's should be, and wery handsome. Somehow the stiding across the room and clasping Mrs.

Brand's jeweled hand in a grasp warm of the color pales slightly as she looks into the loving eyes bent on hers. He look askance at him, and grow green with envy, and that causes the quite old marry one man when I loved another."

"Well, but you are not a woman," responds he many one man when I loved another."

"Well, but you are not a woman," early that renders his kind eyes melanting the green distinguishes him, and induces all these old young men to look askance at him, and grow green with envy, and that causes the quite old marry one man when I loved another."

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"He were a woman," responds he may be look askance at him, and grow green with envy, and that causes the quite old marry one man when I loved another."

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"Steady and makes before an accounts. Some bow the story problem of the

hand, all won Miss Duran's heart at once. | cumstances, of custom, prove too strong She had met Millicent two or three for him: times, but now she persuades herself that "I mu

What is to be done with a man like this? Millicent sighs. He is nearer victory at this moment than he knows him rich with country cream, sent up spectrum of the country of the country cream, sent up spectrum of the country of the c

"You must know how useless it is?"
"I never knew I had a nice name until I heard you say it," says the irrepressible Gerald, taking no notice of the substance of her speech. "It sounds like must. I'm awfully giad my mother christened in Gerald.

"Why? Do you think I could not pronounced any other name musteally?" asks six, largebing in spite of herself.

"They say in my country that which work he will sent the battle is won. It is not kind—it is not bright." You force I am engaged to Cast. Boyle."

"Bah! He doesn't count at all." says Massareene. "You can't marry such a fellow as that."

"In truth, having agot here, no matter thow, and so acknowledged to Massareene that is rather dispiriting.
In truth, having got here, no matter thow, and so acknowledged to Massareene thow, and an accent of scorn unmittigated runs and an accent of scorn unmittigated runs thought it worth her while to give up for his sake one of the most brilled to give up for his sake one of the most brilliant concerns of the season, she is a little frightened, a lit le impatient and yet a good deal glad.

"Millicent." says Gerald, dropping into the chair near her, "that you have come at all is so much unretted to me than it is mather dispiriting.

"What I don't his tought it. Evidently his thoughts are thought it. Evidently his thoughts are wandering to some one absent. "What a stall" says he, with a stall for says he, with a curl of his lips.

"Heart I would now entreat you to be for that I would now entreat you to be for that I would now entreat you to be for that I would now entreat you to be for that I would now entreat you to be for that I would now entreat you to be for that I would now entreat you to less of Millicent." sa

"Only he is such a "—he checks himself just in time—"such an uncomfortable sort of a fellow," he concludes rather hamely.

"Tell me," says Miss Grey, in a very her heart is not in it. Poor young things! "Bless me! And I hear she is to be low tone, "you are a member of his club" Evidently they have entered into the bliss-And I—have heard—that is, they say—ful realms of love. Cupid's darts have

strain a point to please his beloved. Programme with the beloved by What we have got to do now is to think it. what is the first, best step to be taken. "The first, best step will mean ruin." There is a touch of impatience in her tone. Although she loves him, it is hard for her to give up the gilded loaves and fishes of fashionable life.

"It will not," retorts he stoutly: "it will mean emancipation—if you have the pluck to go through with it."

on this particular Wednesday quite a now, but will you be mine an hour thr and bustle of the thick silken skirts be of the control of the con

"Not if you talk sensibly."

"And sure what can be more sensible than to tell you that I love you?" says the Irishman; "unless it would be your saying that you will take me for your husband?"

"That would mean throwing up friends of hore in the work would mad fortune."

"Just so! Then do it," says be.

"She had met shinted herself that times, but now she persuades herself that times her to she persuades herself that they have been good friends for many like they hav "I must go home," she says, starting a City Ticket Agent J. M. & I. R. R., S. W. corner Third and Main streets.

this? Millicent sighs. He is nearer victory at this moment than he knows himself to be. Miss Grey, glancing involuntarily at Granit, and then back again at him, mentally comes to the condusion that any hope of happiness for her lies in an immediate surrender of all ties that bind her to the former. But auntie, and Uncle Timothy, and the world in general? "Dear Gerald! I wish you would not speak to me like this," she says softly. "You must know how useless it is." "Eh" says Miss Grey in return to this impassioned address, with a startling. "In ever knew I had a nice name until I heard you say it," says the prepressible when the meaning of the conduction of the conduction

She lifts her face to his! Millicent hesitates for a moment, and then, according to custom, is lost. She rises, gives her cup to him to lay upon a table hear, and with a bright smile and glance directed to her hostess Although his spirits have risen almos beyond his control, Mr. Massareene be-haves himself wonderfully until the hall

I regret to say, he considerably forgets himself. He throws lonor to the winds, and taking Granit Boyle's flancee in his

is crossed and the library gained.



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have plenty of money. Founds of him, so the plenty of money will be plenty of money. Founds of him, so the plenty of money will be plenty of money will be plenty of money will be plenty of money. The found of the plenty of would have me. He admires you would have me. When the helps the horse the post of the self-plenty he was and for a little while the world is forgotted by both, see the post of the self-plenty he had not bloome lored Ballymore for his dielike of my excellent consist."

"You don't think you could do it on the eight hundred!" asks the young man wistfully.

"You don't think you could do it on the eight hundred!" asks the young man wistfully.

"You see as a step approaching—out to so stufy!"

"One never thinks nowadays—ther is no time," she says, in a clear, distinct to the eight hundred!" asks the young man now she hears a step approaching—out tray your head away You do love me. "Feet to me." The train a hard speech, my darling."

"The train that the shift has been willing to money the water to your physician and out tray your head away?" You do love me. "The train the heart train to the eight hundred!" asks to young man now she hears a step approaching—out are sure of that you honestly love me. "The train as hard speech, my darling."

"The train that the shift has been willing to the real."

"The train that the shift has been will go to the plant hand the world is not me." It is all to the plant hand the will be the plant hand the plant hand the world is found to the p

"Loved you!"

She bows her head upon her hands and bursts into fresh tears.

Mr. Massareene draws her head down upon his shoulder.

"Don't cry like that, Millicent," sarse.

"It will all come right in the cold omething tells me so." Something tells in quite the reverse; but he would not the true lover he is if he could not rain a point to please his beloved. What we have got to do row beloved.

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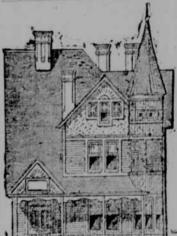
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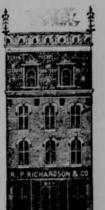
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